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SPOTLETS.
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Some men are so stupid that it is hard to imagine they can ever contract Bright's disease.

Bridget was feeling very well when she said that she and Pat were an Irish pair.

Sometimes a woman leaves a Police Court with more money on than she entered it with.

The higher the tip the water gets.

The lower the water the tip gets.

The lower she wears her dress, the higher she wears her tip.

Leland Stanford can look at any hotel-man's shirt-bow without a blush. He is a larger "stud" himself.

Fire-ladders will run after the bell now as eagerly as if they were society men on a mash.

If the experts would only devise a cream that would put a different complexion on affairs! Oh, say!

What a marvellous feeling wandering through an orange grove must be!

Bellowing through a telephone nowadays is as much fun as talking to a deaf mute.

WORLDS.
Judge Peck, who succeeds Ingalls in the Senate from Kansas, is a Mason, a Knight of Labor and a member of the Episcopal Church. He wears a long, full beard that gives him the venerable appearance of a patriarch.

Thomas W. Gilpin, of New Castle, Pa., who was elected to Congress at the late election, once lost a fortune of nearly \$1,000,000 that he had made in the oil fields of the Keystone State. He has since retrieved this lost fortune and is again one of the richest of oil producers.

The first locomotive to run in the South was built in New York from plans furnished by a citizen of Charleston, S. C. It was called the "Best Friend," and was placed on the Charleston Railroad in 1830.

Gen. Chester's only sister, Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, is the wife of Lieut. Calhoun, of the United States Army.

Senator Carlisle is now fifty-five years old. He is of medium height and rather spare in figure. His movements are easy and graceful, and his general manner quickly puts his visitors at their ease.

VAGRANT VERSES.
Myopic Eschatology.
Laying out my glasses again,
Kind square to half, myopic eyes,
Blindness has turned to gray,
And my long life is a day.
Life's end is a long day,
And my long life is a day.
Life's end is a long day,
And my long life is a day.

Senator FASSETT was foremost in opposing the suggestion. He made this truly startling remark, starting not so much as a revelation as an open avowal made in the State Legislature and allowed to pass without remark. Senator FASSETT declared that any bill proposed by the Elevated Railroad or by the New York Central "would have a poor chance of getting through the Legislature."

Such a statement needs no comment. It amounts to a declaration that the interests of the community have no chance of success if they clash with those of two wealthy corporations. The wonderful thing is that there should not have been some strong depreciation of such an evil in the State Legislature by some high-minded, incorrupt Senators.

The chance for abuse in this section rests with the Rapid Transit Commissioners who are authorized to permit the laying of additional tracks and of granting terminal facilities, if in their judgement it is to the benefit of the public. It is certainly good to have Rapid Transit, and the Senate evidently thought so.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.
Nobody can object to beautifying the city by parks or pleasure-drives. But when there is such an opportunity for driving as Central Park and the broad Seventh avenue, it does not seem quite right to put barrels of money into a drive along the Hudson when the Annexed District is so badly in need of road improvement.

The plans for Macomb's Dam Bridge should also be liberal and suited to the exigencies of the public in regard to that structure. Necessities are first in order. Then comfort and luxury may merit attention.

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The ravages of Sunday are still unrepaired. Never have the telegraph men had such tangled wires to deal with. Happily wire connection with nearly all the engine companies below the Harlem is now re-established. This was certainly one of the most important breaks to rectify and men

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Close-Fitting Jackets in Favor—Becoming Hats—Pet Asps Wanted—To Prepare Onions—Mrs. Stanford's Opal Collar.

Jackets still show a tendency to be very snug in the body and very large of sleeve. The loose-fronted coat is worn, but always with deep revers that are lined with fur and which will lie smoothly back on warm days. The tight-fitting English jacket is double-breasted and secured by frogs across the front.

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THE CLEANER.

At least one hundred and twenty-five of the big poles which were rendered useless by the recent storm I am told will not be used again, but will be forever removed from the streets that they have disgraced. This has been made possible by the completion of the through line between Lexington and Fourth avenues from Harlem to Twenty-third street.

Father Van Rensselaer is very proud and happy over his new club-house for the young men. He has reason to be. It supplies an evident need. It is a little hard on young fellows to feel that the church and its ministers are prompt in seeing the dangers of such enjoyments as city life affords, while little is done to furnish them with entertainments or pleasures which are free from malign influences. Father Van Rensselaer has done this, and this kind of work is a very worthy one. This young priest, who is a member of one of the most distinguished families in the State, and whose relatives are all howling swells, is attracted towards the poor and lowly, in high heaven know he could find need enough for evangelical work among the Four Hundred!

Those who know Mr. John Armstrong Chamberlain only slightly fancy he had no greater claim to distinction than the related to the actors and being the husband of Amelia River. But the young fellow has shown that he has a good deal in him by his scheme for collecting a fund for giving American aspirants for art honors an opportunity to study abroad. It is a commendable scheme and reflects credit on Mr. Chamberlain.

There is much truth in the old adage that "politics make strange bedfellows." I can remember when John D. Crimmins was one of the bitterest foes that Mayor Grant could boast. He is now on a pleasure jaunt through the South in a private car with the young man whose portrait he wanted removed from a public office some time ago.

Judge P. Henry Dugro, of the Superior Court, is at present very much interested in the details attending the erection and furnishing of his magnificent new hotel at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street. He can be found there every morning at 7 o'clock supervising the work. The present scheme for the arrangement of the hotel interior, and has selected every bit of furniture for the new hotel. I am told that Judge Dugro cleared nearly \$100,000 in his real estate transactions last year.

President Strong, of the Orpheus Society, tells me that at its next concert the Chablis going for the encouragement of American composers, and that every number on the programme, both instrumental and vocal, will be the work of a citizen of the United States. Mr. Arthur Mees, the director, has made some capital selections, and a number of the works to be given will be heard in this country for the first time. One of these is a choral work, "The Song of the Lark," accompanied by Tompkins Street. It is entitled "The Haunted Mill," and is full of originality and rich descriptive writing. Then there are also two new operetta songs by E. A. Macdowell, which have never been heard before, and which are gems in their way. Dudley Buck, Homer N. Bartlett and Carl Walter are also represented.

I was sorry to learn that Internal Revenue Collector Ferdinand Egan had engaged in a bedroom quarrel last Saturday evening. President Harrison's Administration has had quite enough to bear because of the misbehavior of its appointees, and Collector Egan's realy about not have added to the number. Mr. Egan, a Democrat, was the Collector's opponent in the game of billiards, which took place in a beer saloon on the corner of Second avenue and Third street. The only injury inflicted was that to the reputation of a United States official and to the dignity of his position.

Some time ago I mentioned the fact that George Sweet, the baritone, was one of those who firmly believed in American opera by Americans, and that such a result could be accomplished within a very few years with proper encouragement and judicious management. Mr. Sweet tells me that he is thinking of putting into operation very shortly a novel project that has been his particular hobby for a number of years past. He avows that if he could secure eight or ten first-class untrained voices, or sufficient to form a double quartet, and he is certain that there is a quantity of good material in this country, he would willingly devote part of his time gratuitously to training them for the operatic stage. It might take two or three years to carry out such a project, but at the end of that time he believes that he would have a company with a repertory of say half a dozen operas that would astonish some of our managers. Everything, of course, would depend upon getting the right sort of material, and only those who would have the patience and luck to go through a long course of training, both in vocal and dramatic art, would be desirable.

I am determined to make the attempt," says Mr. Sweet, "although some of my friends tell me I am taking too much risk and responsibility. We must make a beginning here some time if we are ever to accomplish anything, and I don't intend to wait until I should not test the practicability of my scheme."

Society women are moving woods and drills and sylvan abodes to find a spot where growth the spot that will not sting, neither be cold, slippery or clammy. It is the style to have a peep or two, and as some will only be discovered in a state as cooling and amiable as that of a carrier dove or a homing pigeon, what more could the goddesses ask?

Howling is extremely popular for ladies this year; most of the fair devotees of the alley wear loose flannel blouses, straight skirts and tennis shoes, and the record-makers roll without remorse.

Florence M. Adkinson writes a letter in the *Franchise* journal, depicting the horrors of the "sweating system," which have been told so often, yet remains a blot on the labor system of our country. She says:

"The 'sweater' pays so much a day, usually from 50 cents to \$1, but in order to receive this sum the worker must perform a certain task—so many pieces of work. This task is beyond the ability of any girl to perform in any decent work day, or at any reasonable degree of swiftness. To do even a portion of it the girls must begin at 6 o'clock in the morning and work until late at night. Even with these hours it is the exception when a worker finishes her task in a day, but she is paid for the day. The allotted task is fully completed. So that, even with these human hours and the frightful rate of speed with which these girls worked, one day's work always lapped over upon the next, and although doing six and often even seven days' work of from sixteen to eighteen hours' duration, they rarely received more than four days' pay."

Florence M. Adkinson unintentionally does the sweaters an injustice. There is not a factory in the city where work begins at 6 o'clock, in the morning, and is continued sixteen hours a day. If Florie will take a peep at the Livingston street shoe-shop, which perhaps furnishes the best line of "sweaters" for newspaper paragraphs in the country, she will find work begins at 8 o'clock sharp, that the sweaters pay so much a piece, that the regular pay-day comes twice a month, and that the heat and light are turned off and the shops closed at 6 o'clock.

A Phenomenon of Daily Occurrence.
(From *Life*.)
Teacher—How long can a human being go without air?
Bright Boy—Six hours. My father says so.
Teacher—How long can a human being go without food?
Bright Boy—He went from New York to Boston in a Pullman car.

The Painful Difference.
(From *Life*.)
Rembrandt—Doubt—You should not be discouraged, my boy, if the Academy didn't hang your picture, it is a loss.
Hovarth Painter—That's just what makes me tired; art is long, and I am short.

INFANTS TREATED WITH MONSIEUR'S TREATING CORDIAL when nothing else will cure them. Price 50c.

Rheumatic Pains.
Gradually give way to Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it is a great blood purifier neutralizes the acidity of the blood, cleanses the system, and gives vitality and strength to the whole system. The fact that thousands of sufferers have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla is the strongest reason we can give for its use. It is the only medicine that is at all troubles by rheumatism.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Sold by all druggists. 50c. per bottle. Prepared by J. C. Hood, Lowell, Mass.

A COMBINATION OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

(From *Life*.)
The performance now current at the New Park Theatre will in all probability please hundreds of people whose laugh it is not difficult to capture and who like variety entertainments as a relief from the monotony of situations. Although "A Straight Tip" is not to be compared with its predecessor "The Dazzler," it has one or two specialties that are to be commended, and some of its lines are very bright. I attribute all the brightness to the repeated author, John J. McNally, and all the non-brightness to the labored work of specialty interlocutors.

"Your father reminds me of a burglar," says Dick Dasher, who has all the fat of the piece. That probably means that the father was not cast for a farce-comedy, as anything on the earth, or in the heavens above, or the waters beneath can come into a farce-comedy, and nobody would dare to ask why. There is everything in "A Straight Tip." You pay your money and you take your choice. It is a kaleidoscopic hotch-potch, in which every one does what he can, and the devil take the hindmost. The Irish comedian, with red hair, the everlasting trunk, the delectable girl who appears at a race track, and the perpetual sport of the interlocutors of a minstrel show, Powers' work was just like the "end man." He prefaced most of his jokes with "I had a dream" or "Last night I met" or "That reminds me of" or so on.

The best member of the company was Richard Gorman, who was far more convincing in his way of grinding out fun than was Mr. Powers. Gorman's humor seems to be spontaneous, and he is so at all times. Powers appeared to be waiting for "spring" to fancy answer to the question that was put to him, and he looked triumphantly uncomfortable when Emma Hanley ventured a joke or two on her own account. The musical part of "A Straight Tip" consisted principally of medleys. Would it be too much to ask of farce-comedy producers just a little more original music to take away the flavor of the old jokes?

Alan Dale.
The star of "A Straight Tip" of course there is a star—James T. Powers, who is in his element when he is at the Casino. He had to say something about things, which were dragged in by the company, who sold the interlocutors of a minstrel show. Powers' work was just like the "end man." He prefaced most of his jokes with "I had a dream" or "Last night I met" or "That reminds me of" or so on.

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The performance now current at the New Park Theatre will in all probability please hundreds of people whose laugh it is not difficult to capture and who like variety entertainments as a relief from the monotony of situations. Although "A Straight Tip" is not to be compared with its predecessor "The Dazzler," it has one or two specialties that are to be commended, and some of its lines are very bright. I attribute all the brightness to the repeated author, John J. McNally, and all the non-brightness to the labored work of specialty interlocutors.

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The best member of the company was Richard Gorman, who was far more convincing in his way of grinding out fun than was Mr. Powers. Gorman's humor seems to be spontaneous, and he is so at all times. Powers appeared to be waiting for "spring" to fancy answer to the question that was put to him, and he looked triumphantly uncomfortable when Emma Hanley ventured a joke or two on her own account. The musical part of "A Straight Tip" consisted principally of medleys. Would it be too much to ask of farce-comedy producers just a little more original music to take away the flavor of the old jokes?

Alan Dale.
The star of "A Straight Tip" of course there is a star—James T. Powers, who is in his element when he is at the Casino. He had to say something about things, which were dragged in by the company, who sold the interlocutors of a minstrel show. Powers' work was just like the "end man." He prefaced most of his jokes with "I had a dream" or "Last night I met" or "That reminds me of" or so on.

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